

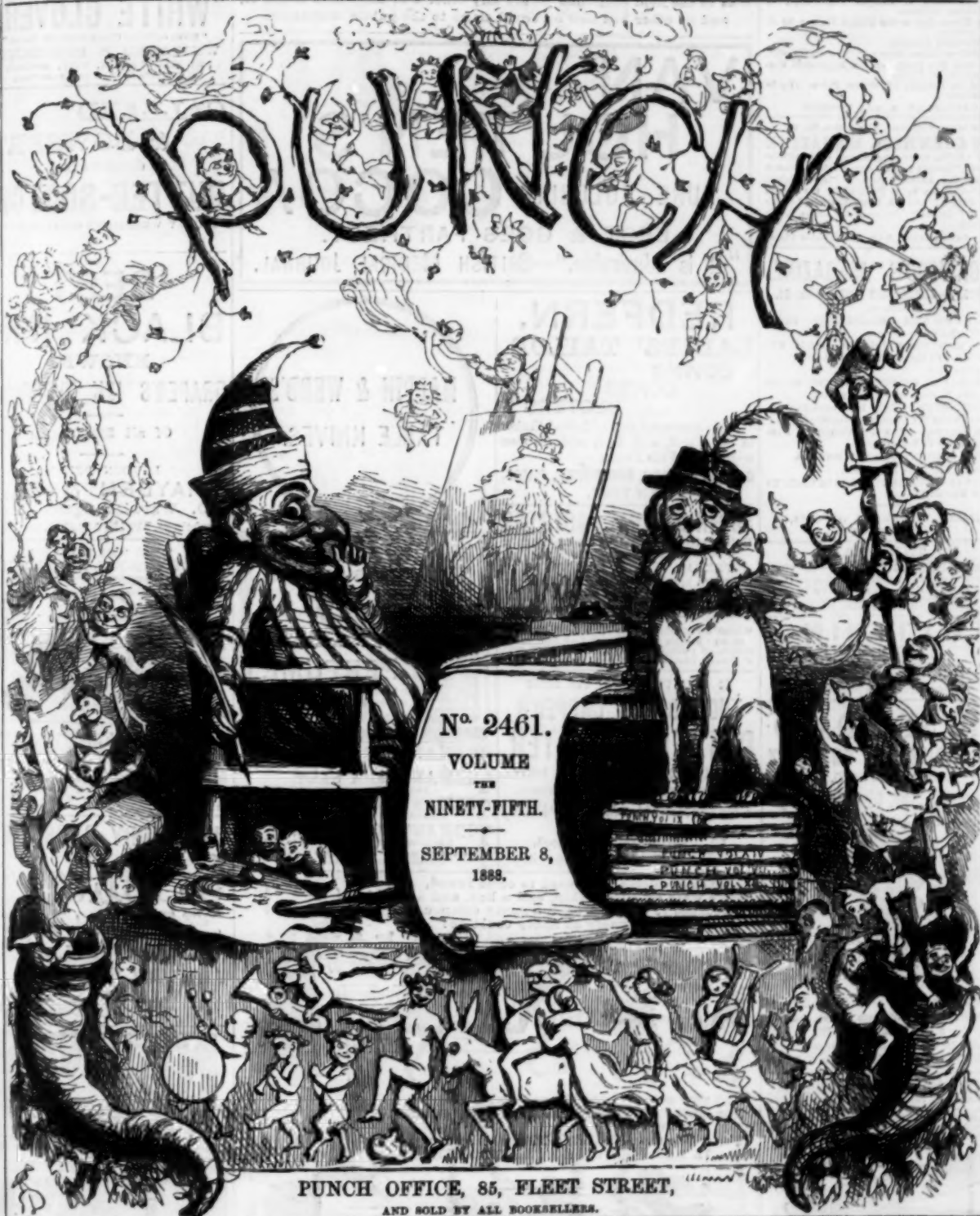
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CONTENTS.

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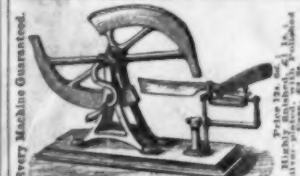
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A LESSON FROM THE AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.
THE EFFECTIVE USE OF MOUNTED INFANTRY.

THE PRINCESS PAPOFFSCHIN'S LITTLE DINNER.

(A Story à la Mode for Those who Know.)

THE sitting of the International Conference for the Suppression of Bounties on Sugar had been prolonged to an unusually late hour. The assembled Ministers had been dealing with a delicate phase of reciprocal engagements, and had determined not to separate until they had at least a rough draft of the Convention in something like a completed shape; and having accomplished this, they were about to rise, when a Messenger entered, and handed a note to the Baron.

It was a scented epistle on rose-leaf paper, and ran as follows:—

MON CHER BARON,

You must be weary after your labours of this afternoon, and will need relaxation. What do you say to a *petit diner chez moi* to refresh you? Persuade, then, your good *confrères* to join you, and come, all of you, *sans cérémonie*, just as you are, and honour me with your company. I may, *peut être*, have *des nouvelles de Constantinople* to give you. *Mais, nous verrons ce soir, n'est-ce pas?* Come.

Yours always devotedly, FEDOREVNA PAPOFFSCHIN.

"It is from the Princess," said the Baron, his face beaming with a kindling radiance as he glanced at the contents of the dainty missive before him. "She asks us all to dine with her quite informally. Listen!" Then he read the little note. There was a murmur of approbation from the Conference. Instantly they rose as if by one accord, and hurriedly collecting the business papers before them, thrust them into their respective coat-pockets. They had all of them only one reply to make. They accepted with enthusiasm. Nor was this surprising. The Princess FEDOREVNA PAPOFFSCHIN was no ordinary woman.

Born in Russia, she soon after the death of her husband, the Prince, had appeared in diplomatic society in Belgrade, and had rapidly, by her intelligence, tact, and capacity for intrigue, succeeded in getting herself such an acknowledged factor in the stirring political movement of the times that she had received her passports, and had been requested to leave the country at twenty-four hours' notice. Transferring in turns her residence to Vienna, Madrid, Berlin, and other European capitals where similar experiences invariably after a time awaited her, she was next heard of as the intimate friend of several Parisian statesmen of note, and though her career in the French capital had come to a rather sudden termination, owing to the connection of her name with a celebrated *café chantant* scandal, she seemed to have preserved enough of her reputation to assure her a hearty welcome among the leading lights of English diplomatic society. Regarded as intimately acquainted with the secret counsels of the Sultan, her friendship was eagerly cultivated by the heads of the Foreign Office, and it was not an uncommon sight to see her surrounded in some West End *salon* by a thronging crowd of politicians and statesmen hanging on her lightest word. Indeed, it was stated that the Premier himself was so deep in her confidence that the entire direction of his Eastern Policy had latterly been due to her advice and influence. It was not to be wondered at that the Conference accepted her invitation with alacrity. A chance of an informal evening with the fascinating Princess in her delightful mansion in Mayfair out of the season was not an experience to be missed, and at a little before a quarter to eight three four-wheelers conveying the expectant Plenipotentiaries were making their way up Piccadilly to their coveted destination.

In the course of the same afternoon the Princess had prepared for their advent. She had sent for her Major Domo. "I have a little dinner this evening," she said. "We shall be eighteen." Then she added, significantly, "I am expecting *diplomats*."

The man bowed profoundly. He had understood his orders. He knew that the dishes were to be drugged, and the champagne doctored with morphia.

Several courses had been disposed of, and the dinner was apparently promising to be a great success. Never was hostess more bewitchingly entertaining; never were guests more enthusiastic. On the right of the Princess sat the Baron, on her left the German Count. The conversation was airy and brilliant.

"How about those promised *nouvelles* from Constantinople, Princess?" asked the Baron, endeavouring to give the talk a practical turn. But his fair hostess only replied with a little timely badinage, and motioned to the servant to fill up her interlocutor's glass with more champagne. So the dinner sped on. The *cuisine* was pronounced excellent, the wine superb. But little by little, almost imperceptibly, the conversation began to quiet down. It halted strangely. Then it dropped altogether. It seemed as if all the guests were gradually becoming so absorbed in some private reflections of their own, that they did not care to break the silence for the purpose of imparting their thoughts to their neighbours. Then some of them closed their eyes.

The Baron, who noticed the soporific influence stealing over him, thought that he must somehow have been taking too much wine, and elected to hold his tongue. He struggled against the feeling for a short time. Then he succumbed. In like manner, in a few more minutes, so did all the rest. And it was not to be wondered at. They had had bromide of potassium in the *Potage à la Maintenon*, and had just partaken of a *Salade à la Russe* mixed with chloral hydrate. This had finished them. They had all of them sunk back into their chairs, overcome by a profound narcotic slumber. Then the Princess rose. She approached the wall, and touched a little brass knob. Instantly a panel slid back, disclosing a chamber beyond.

"*Entrez, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur*," she said, addressing some one within. "*Voyons! Ces Messieurs* are ready to receive you."

She had scarcely spoken when a tall personage, wearing a *fez*, crossed the threshold. This was the Turkish Ambassador, and he was followed by twelve Secretaries of the Legation.

"You are sure, Madame, they will not wake?" he asked, cautiously surveying the prostrate forms before him.

The Princess replied by striking a loud dinner-gong. Not one of the sleepers stirred. The Ambassador was satisfied.

"To your work, Messieurs," he said, addressing his subordinates. In another minute the pockets of all the unconscious Plenipotentiaries had been rifled of their contents which were being rapidly but methodically transcribed by the practised Secretaries.

The task did not take long. It was over in four hours and three-quarters. The papers were returned to the pockets of the different Ministers from which they had been respectively abstracted. Their coats were carefully rebuttoned. Then the Turkish Ambassador withdrew.

That night he telegraphed to Constantinople in cypher.

A little later, eighteen cabs in charge of eighteen policemen were conveying the now recovering Ministers to their respective homes. That which contained the Baron, now partially aroused, had drawn up at his own door. As he descended, though still dazed, he seemed to notice the Policeman's uniform.

"Why! what does this mean?" he asked, trying to collect his scattered thoughts. "Where have I come from?"

The Policeman smiled.

The Baron stared inquiringly at the smiler, then staggered feebly up the steps, entered the house, and went to bed.

The next morning the Marquis and the Baron received a telegraphic despatch from the British Minister at Constantinople, informing them that the Sultan proposed an immediate seizure of Egypt.

"That's odd," they remarked, thoughtfully. But they never connected the circumstance with the Princess Papoffschin's Little Dinner.

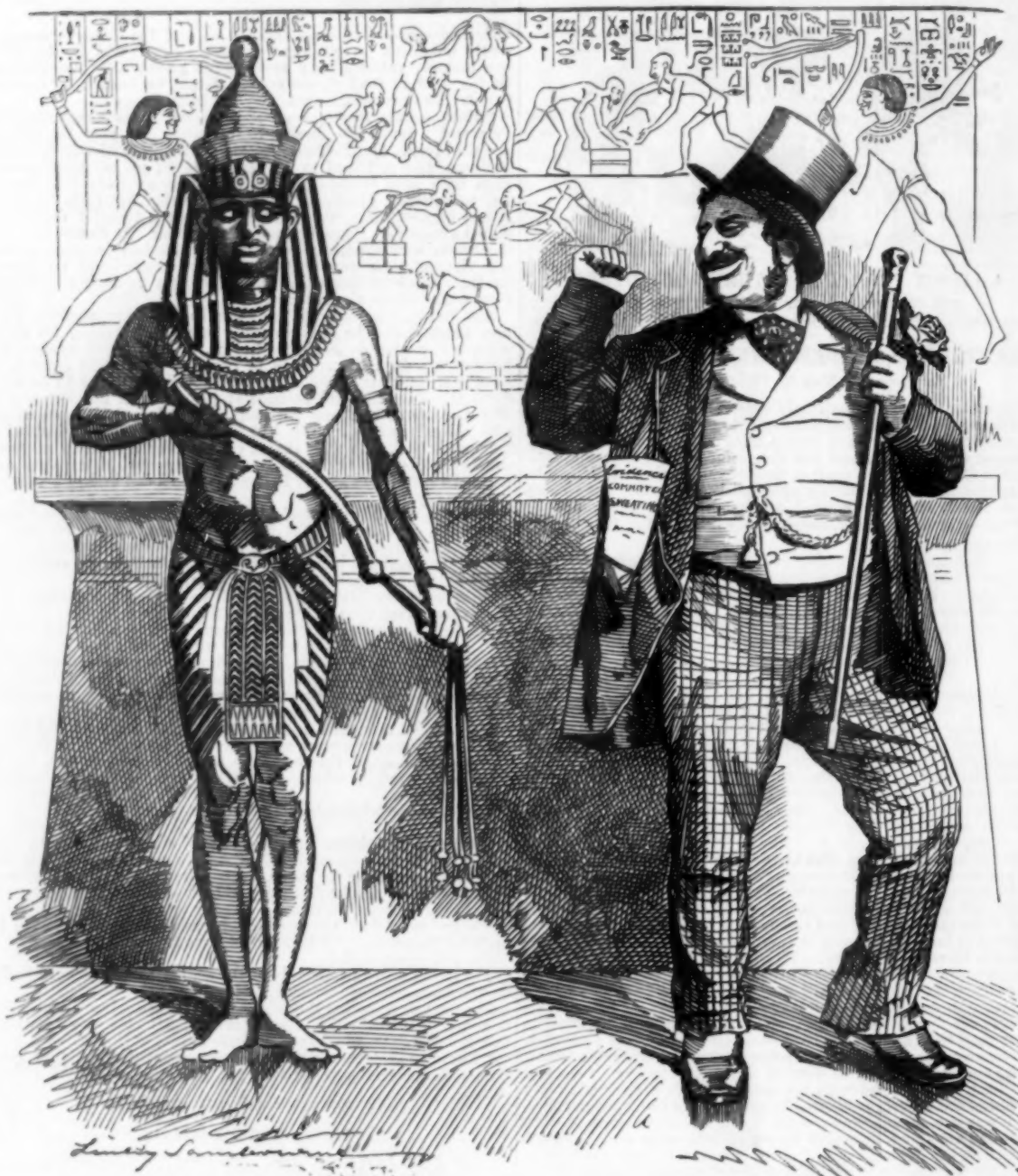
Poetry and Partridges.

"First Love never lasts," says some stupid old song;
It simply dies out like an ill-lighted ember.

The Poet—as usual—is utterly wrong—
Just look at Man's love for the First of September!
Fickle Romeos may shift in their amorous troubles,
But "First Love" is stable enough—in the Stubbles!

BETSY THE SECOND.—At Hammersmith, the other day, one ELIZABETH TUDOR was sentenced by Mr. PAGET to two months' imprisonment for stealing a sovereign. ELIZABETH TUDOR the First anticipated the crime in the matter of MARY STUART. Three hundred years ago it was a case of stealing a sovereign—with an axe! History repeats itself.

ISRAEL AND EGYPT; OR. TURNING THE TABLES.



"The Children of Israel multiplied so as to excite the jealous fears of the Egyptians. . . . They were therefore organised into gangs under task-masters, as we see in the vivid pictures of the monuments, to work upon the public edifices. 'And the Egyptians made the Children of Israel to serve with rigour. And they made their lives bitter with hard bondage in mortar and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field.'—*Smith's Ancient History*. 'The Sweater is probably a Jew, and, if so, he has the gift of organisation, and an extraordinary power of subordinating everything—humanity, it may be, included—to the great end of getting on. . . . The conditions of life in East London ruin the Christian labourer, and leave the Jewish labourer unharmed.'—*Spectator* on 'Sweaters and Jews.'"

The scree of the Shade of the Poet PENTAGOUR, to PUNCHUS that came, Even PENTAGOUR Bard unto PHARAOH, the singer whose song was as flame;

The pupil of mild AMEHEMAN, he painted the lot of the poor [door. In the far distant days of RAMESES, who shut on sweet Mercy the

The form was the form of the PHARAOH, as WILKINSON shows him he stood,—
The pose was exceedingly proud, the perspective, perchance, was not good,—



CIRCUMLOCUTORY.

The Parson (who likes to question the Boys, now and then, in a little Elementary Science). "Now, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME—COME, I'LL ASK YOU, DONOVAN,—WHAT IS SALT?"

Irish Boy. "IV Y' PLAZE, SIR,—IT'S—IT'S"—(after a desperate mental effort)—"IT'S THE STUFF THAT—MAKES A P'TAYTOR VERY NASTY 'V YR DON'T ATE 'T WITH 'T!"

And he looked in the face of the Hebrew, the changeless, the oily, the fat, Whether crowned with the cap of the Copt, or the Saxon's cylindrical hat.

He stood, and he stared, and he spake: "O! thou Oleaginous One, Whose tresses so reek of the oil-pot, whose finger-rings flash in the sun, I, PHARAOH the Pyramid-builder, the slayer of Hittites, the King Whom PENTAOUR magnified greatly—my Laureate knew how to sing;—

I, mighty one named by MANETHO, right well to HERODOTUS known, I, pictured in wall-paintings many, and chiselled on acres of stone, I, I was the scourge of the Semites, the Hyksos, the Hebrews, my foes,

The swart-bearded sons of the shepherds, the slaves of the aquiline Behold on this rock you perceive them, my heel on their neck, and my scourge

On the hides of them; look at the sticks of my taskmasters, eager to The staggering slaves to their toil in their agonised thousands, so loth, Yet helpless as rogues before Ra, or as fools in the presence of THOTH. I made them shape bricks without straw, and the mouths of them scantily fed

With radishes, onions, and garlic, with scraps of affliction's black bread.

Read the ideographical Coptic around them in characters hewn, And you'll see that their life was a curse, that the coming of death was a boon.

When I rose in my might like to MENUTU, and lifted like HORUS the Then the heart of the Hebrew would melt, and the cheek of the Hebrew would pale;

And now—"Then a chuckle forth crackled, a nasal but jubilant And a whiff of tobacco and patchouli mingled was wafted around.

A hat took a knowing rake, and there brake on the sight of the King The wave of an adipose hand, and the flash of a glittering ring.

A sound 'twixt a creak and a snuffle from lips like an Ethiop's dropt— All unlike the calm smile of the King, all unlike the clear tone of the

Copt—

"Ha! ha! Mr. Pyramid-builder, at present you're out of the hunt. Yes, you once gave the Semite the stick, but the Semite now gives you the shunt;

Ask TEWFIK, or good Mr. GOSCHEN! Old CHEOPS, if that's your dashed name—

SESOSTRIS, RAMESES, or what not,—a change has come over the game.

Your 'name is a noise' and no more. Yes, the Gentile once 'sweated' the Jew, [that's true.

But the Hebrew has now turned the tables; DUNRAVEN will tell you You worked us, and whipped us, and starved us; you robbed us of shekels and joy; [old boy.

But now it's our turn, and we've bettered your ancient instruction, Look here!—"Then there shaped through the shadows a sordid and sorrowful scene—

There were men pinched, and pallid, and bowed, there were women dishevelled and lean; [was fierce,

And the stress of their toiling was harsh, and the strain of their torture And the splendour of day might not pass, and the sunlight of hope might not pierce

Through the darkness and damp of the den where they crouched to the Sweater's stern nod,

As PHARAOH's own scourge without pity, and harsh as his task-master's rod.

The thong-marshalled gang of the sand-wastes were hardly so servile as these,

So helplessly vassals to Mammon—so hopeless of health or of ease.

"That cuts the Copt record, I reckon; makes Mummydom sing rather small. [church wall,

How would that look in paint on a temple, or chipped on a ruined Three thousand years hence, Mr. PHARAOH?" So sniggered the Hebrew, and shook

The soul-sweated gold in his pocket. And lo! an unspeakable look Was seen on the face of the PHARAOH. And I, Poet PENTAOUR, I saw That the cycles of time bring no change to the merciless Mammonite

HEW.

I sang the Rameeeld, I, when Orontes beheld the great King
Wield the sword unresisted of RA; but I also betook me to sing
The pitiful life of the peasant, the prey of the locusts and rats
And men-vermin more merciless yet who took tithe of his barns and
his vats. [asleep,
And, behold, though the Sun-God is silent, the Son of the Sun-God
Still merciless Mammon is master, the slaves of the Gold-God still weep;
Be his ministers Hebrew or Gentile, his worship is cruelty still:
Still the worker must sweat 'neath the scourge that the stores of the
tyrant may fill.

DUE NORTH.

(Some Notes of a very brief Holiday.)

Question—Answer—Reasoning—Decision—Indecision—A Departure—Arrival—Invitation—Uncertainty—Certainty.

HOBSON, with curly fair hair, florid face, and earnest manner, looks in to ask me if I am going away for ten days' change. "No, I am not," I answer. It occurs to me, however, that the tone of my



"How are you?"

son from being entirely unsympathetic—"Why? are you thinking of going away for a holiday?"

Yes; Hobson is thinking of it. As a matter of fact, he has so far thought of it that he is now sending a letter to order a berth in one of the London and Edinburgh steamers. "Will I join him?" To do or to attempt doing something I have never yet done, has for me a certain fascination. I have never been from London to Edinburgh by steamer. A minute ago my determination *not* to take a holiday was inflexible; now it is flexible. My iron will—or my iron "won't"—is bent, not broken.

"Not a bad idea," I remark to Hobson.

He replies that he prefers this way of going North to any other. *Happy Thought*.—"Hobson's choice." I do not say this aloud to my old and valued friend, because it is just possible that, his name being "Hobson," it may have been said to him before.

"Yes," he repeats, after some silent consideration of the subject, "I certainly prefer going by steamer to any other way of getting to Edinbro'."

"Well, but how many other ways are there?" I ask, as, should he be able to mention a greater novelty, I should be inclined to adopt the suggestion.

"I mean," he returns, "that it's better than going by train." I thought so. Putting aside walking, driving, riding, bicycling, tricycling, and ballooning, the alternative is "training" or "steaming."

"Excellent for health!" says Hobson, who studied medicine years ago in Edinburgh, and, in consequence, has always been consulted by his intimate friends, in an amateur way, ever since. "Twenty-six hours of sea first-rate," he adds, expanding his chest, sniffing and smacking his lips as if at this moment he were actually inhaling the seabreeze and relishing it.

"I'm such a bad sailor," I observe, hesitatingly. "If I go, I'm sure to be ill,—at least," I add, with a reminiscence of a few surprising exceptions to the rule, "it's almost a certainty."

"Do you a world of good," says Hobson, with an air of scientific conviction. "More good if you're ill than if you're well. I'm

going alone; only too glad of a companion. Look here, I'll alter one berth into two berths in my letter." And before I have time to make any further objection he has ordered the second berth, drawn a cheque for prepayment, stamped and closed the envelope, vanished for a second or so as far as the pillar-box, where I see him dropping it in, and at the last moment cannot find it in my heart and voice—"heart and voice," quotation from National Anthem) to call out to him from my window, "No, I won't come!" So, my will, or won't, being temporarily paralysed, and he having sent the cheque for two, I make no further objection, but begin considering what I can do when I once get to Edinbro'.

Happy Thought.—If I am ill on board, as he has studied medicine in Edinbro', he may be able to give me something that'll put me right in an instant. If he possesses the secret, by the way, he ought to make a rapid and colossal fortune out of it. This recalls to my mind a book of travels entitled *The Earl and the Doctor*. They went together everywhere. The Earl with guns and fishing-rods, and the Doctor with medicine-chest. Capital idea for both of them. Excellent for Earl when ill, equally so for Doctor when they returned. Such combinations might be more frequent. *The Captain and the Lawyer*, *The Musician and the Sailor*, &c., &c.; perhaps the best of all would be *The Duke and Two Doctors*, one being M.D., and the other D.D.

Where's Hobson going? "Well," he explains, "I'm going to pay two or three visits to friends." Ah, then we part at Edinbro'? "Yes, we do." And here he leaves me—as he will in Scotland—being very busy. What shall I do alone in Scotland? "Alone in Scotland," sounds dreary. Of course, the rule is, "When in Scotland, do as Scotchmen do." What's that? It is, I believe, summed up in "bock agen"—which to the experienced Continental traveller is suggestive of asking for another glass of light creaming beer. "Bock agen" with me would mean "Back again to London." Bock agen, WHITTINGTON! But why go all the way to Edinbro' by steamer, merely to come bock agen?

I am beginning to be almost angry with my old and valued friend Hobson, in his absence, for leading me into this trap,—a trap to catch a companion,—and I am about to sit down in my sanctum, where my books and papers seem to beseech me to remain, and write to Hobson a retraction of my decision, when I hear a tremendous shout in the passage.

"Woo-Hoop!"

This is followed by a voice whose tone indicates unusual strength of lung, exclaiming, as if the inquiry were urgent and anxious, "How are you?"

The door is burst open, and, as if impelled by a mighty wind, there appears before me a big man, youngish, beaming with health and high spirits, dressed in a country suit.

"How are you?" he repeats boisterously, and then once more, "Old chap, how are you?"

In another second he has grasped my hand warmly, and I am delighted to see him.

"Hullo!" I cry out, for his tone is catching, "why what brings you here?"

"Cab, my boy!" he shouts, heartily, he generally shouts, unless he sings, but whatever it is it is done with tremendous and overpowering heartiness,—even his whispers are hearty. "Just on my way to see the Wicked Uncle and Good Aunt. Passing through London—"

here he lowers his tone, laughs, and bursts into a snatch of a song—

"Off we go to London Town,
Yeo ho! my boys!
See the King in his golden crown,
Yeo ho! my boys!"

and then he laughs in perfect enjoyment of the appropriateness of the quotation and continues hurriedly, "I thought I'd call in" (call in,—he means, call out), "and say," here he raises his tone again, "How are you?"

As nobody ever speaks of him, or to him, but as "D. B.," it is not always easy on the spur of the moment to call to mind what his name really is. When asked, I have to think for some seconds, and, generally failing to remember, I have to answer, apologetically, "Well, really, I forget what his name is at this moment, but we always call him 'D. B.'"

His real name is DAVIE BAYRD, and he is in a general way "in the City" with a partner. Now he is on a holiday, without a partner. Going North.

I tell him that I also am thinking of going North.

"Don't think," he says at once, and just as loudly as ever; "don't think—do it. Come to JOHNIE BUDD'S. I'm going there now. First-rate fellow! Capital chap! I'll tell him you're coming. You know JOHNIE, don't you?"

It never occurred to D. B. to ask me this last question before inviting me to Mr. BUDD'S.

I reply deliberately, "Yes—I know him; but not sufficiently well to go to his house without an invitation."

"Nonsense!" he exclaims, quite annoyed with me for making such an objection. Then he bursts into a popular refrain—

"He's all right when you know him,
But you've got to know him first."

"And you'll soon do that," he goes on. "He's an uncle of mine. 'O my prophetic soul!' He'll be delighted."

"But," I protest, "he hasn't asked me."
"No matter," returns D. B. "I ask you—your little DAVIE asks you—he has a way of alluding to himself in the third person—and that's sufficient." Then he says, in an injured tone, "I wouldn't say so if it wasn't, would I?" To this appeal I am bound to reply seriously that I am sure he wouldn't.

"Very well, then," he returns, brightening up again. "Business is business. I'll tell him directly I arrive. Besides," and here he has hit upon so powerful an argument that he must shout louder than ever, "he *did* ask you—at dinner, two months ago—and," he adds, reproachfully, "you said you couldn't come."

"Yes"—I admit the fact, and feel now that I ought to have accepted—"but it won't do to—" I commence.

"Yes, it will," he interrupts. "I shall be up there to-morrow. How are you? We'll have larks. When do you start?"

"At the end of the week, I believe," I reply, not being quite certain. "Good enough." And once more he shouts, as if to relieve his pent-up feelings, "How are you? How are you getting on?"—a question that he puts about every five minutes—and then goes on,—"I'm off. Will wire you 'you'll come up—shooting, fishing, bagpipes, 'good business,'—go as you please—I'll answer for your enjoying yourself—Good-bye!—How are you?" he shouts for the last time, as he disappears down the staircase three steps at a time.

Fate, Honson, and D. B.'s wire next day, decide the matter. Boat with Honson to Edinburgh, and then on to D. B.'s uncle, JOHNNIE BIDD, at Loch Glennie. And I had fixedly determined not to take any holiday at all this year!

VOCES POPULI.

BY PARLIAMENTARY.

ON THE PLATFORM.

A Lady of Family. Oh, yes, I do travel third-class sometimes, my dear. I consider it a duty to try to know something of the lower orders.

[Looks out for an empty third-class compartment.]

EN ROUTE.

The seats are now all occupied: the Lady of Family is in one corner, next to a Chatty Woman with a basket, and opposite to an Eccentric-looking Man with a flighty manner.

The Eccentric Man (to the Lady of Family). Sorry to disturb you, Mum, but you're a-setting on one o' my 'am sandwiches.

The L. of F. P P P P P!

The E. M. (considerately). Don't trouble yourself, Mum, it's of no intrinsic value. I on'y put it there to keep my seat.

The Chatty W. (to the L. of F.). I think I've seen you about Shinglebeach, 'ave I not?

The L. of F. It is very possible. I have been staying with some friends in the neighbourhood.

The C. W. It's a nice cheerful place is Shinglebeach; but (confidentially) don't you think it's a very sing'ler thing that in a place like that—a fash'n'ble place, too—there shouldn't be a single 'am an' beef shop?

The L. of F. (making a desperate effort to throw herself into the question). What a very extraordinary thing to be sure. Dear, dear me! No ham and beef shop!

The C. W. It's so indeed, Mum; and what's more, as I daresay you've noticed for yourself, if you 'appen to want a snack o' fried fish ever so, there isn't a place you could go to—leastways, at a moment's notice. Now, 'ow do you explain such a thing as that?

The L. of F. (faintly). I'm afraid I can't suggest any explanation.

A Sententious Man. Fried fish is very sustaining.

[Relapses into silence for remainder of journey.]

The Eccentric Man. Talking of sustaining, I remember, when we was kids, my father ud bring us home two pennorth o' ches'nuts, and we 'ad 'em boiled, and they'd last us days. (Sentimentally.) He was a kind man, my father (to the L. of F., who bows constrainedly), though you wouldn't ha' thought it, to look at him. I don't say, mind yer, that he wasn't fond of his bit o' booze—(the L. of F. looks out of window)—like the best of us. I'm goin' up to prove his will now, I am—if you don't believe me, 'ere's the probate. (Hands that document round for inspection.) That's all reg'lar enough, I 'ope. (To the L. of F.) Don't give it back before you've done with it—I'm in no 'urry, and there's good reading in it. (Points out certain favourite passages with a very dirty forefinger.) Begin there—that's my name.

[The L. of F. peruses the will with as great a show of interest as she can bring herself to assume.]

The Eccentric Man. D'y'e see that big 'andsome building over there? That's the County Lunatic Asylum—where my poor wife is

shut up. I went to see her last week, I did. (Relates his visit in detail to The L. of F., who listens unwillingly.) It's wonderful how many of our family have been in that asylum from first to last. I 'ad a aunt who died cracky; and my old mother, she's a very peculiar at times. There's days when I feel as if I was a little orf my own 'ed, so if I say anything at all out of the way, you'll know what it is.

[L. of F. changes carriages at the next station. In the second carriage are two Men of sea-faring appearance, and a young Man who is parting from his Fiancée as the L. of F. takes her seat.]

The Fiancé. Excuse me one moment, Ma'am. (Leans across the L. of F. and out of the window.) Well, goodbye, my girl; take care of yourself.

The Fiancée (with a hysterical giggle). Oh, I'll take care o' my self. (Looks at the roof of the carriage.)

He (with meaning). No more pickled onions, eh?

She. What a one you are to remember things! (After a pause.) Give my love to Joe.

He. All right. Well, JENNY, just one, for the last (they embrace loudly, after which the F. resumes his seat with an expression of mingled sentiment and complacency). Oh, (to L. of F.) if you don't mind my stepping across you again, Mum. JENNY, if you see DICK between this and Friday, just tell him as—

[Prolonged whispers; sounds of renewed kisses; final parting as train starts with a jerk which throws the Fiancée upon the L. of F.'s lap. After the train is started a gleam of peculiar significance is observable in the eyes of one of the Seafaring Men, who is reclining in an easy attitude on the seat. His companion responds with a grin of intelligence, and produces a large black bottle from the rack. They drink, and hand the bottle to the Fiancée.]

The F. Thankee, I don't mind if I do. Here's wishing you—

[Remainder of sentiment drowned in sound of glug-glug-glug; is about to hand back bottle when the first Seafarer intimates that he is to pass it on. The L. of F. recoils in horror.]

Both Seafarers (reassuringly). It's wine, Mum!

[Tableau. The Lady of Family realises that the study of third-class humanity has its drawbacks.]

MALÂ FIDE TRAVELLERS IN WALES.

Welsh Justice, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and likewise of Local Bench (to Publicans in attendance). Now mind, all you publicans, and innkeepers, and hosts, and tapsters, have a care how you

serve anyone whomsoever with wines, and beers, and porters, and ales, and swipes, and metheglins, and spirituous or fermented liquors, on any pretences or occasions, at any times on Sundays. You are not permitted, or suffered, or allowed, or authorised to supply peoples with beers, look you, simply because they have come three miles to get them. In my opinions, and judgments, and sentences, that is no sufficient journeys to make them *bonâ fide* travellers. I pray you take notice that, as far as I am concerned, if any charges comes before me, I shall look, and see, and inquire, and determine whether publicans have tried ordinary means, and interrogatives, and questions, to discover if persons were *bonâ fide* travellers in truth, look you now. A *bonâ fide* traveller is one who is travelling for purposes, and objects, and necessities. For instance, a *bonâ fide* traveller would be a man travelling to get work, but not one who came a certain distance to get beer. As an example of a frivolous, and trumpery, and make-believe excuse for tippling and toping, I know a case in which a man had the cheek, and the effrontery, and the brass, to say that he had walked all round the three-mile stone. Don't tell me of constitutional walks, and exercises, and thirsts, and needs of refreshments. Let me warn you, and admonish you, and exhort you to sell no one a glass of beer for no better causes and reasons than being tired and exhausted with a Sabbath-day's journey, whether short or long. 'Tis no matter for their fatigues, and wearinesses, and drynesses, and droughts, that makes them call for it, because, look you, they want it, and their desires and inclinations demands it, and their exhaustions craves for it against the laws and statutes in such cases made and provided for restraints of their appetites and offences. So now go your ways, shentlemen, and get you about your businesses, and see that none of you be brought before me for selling drink to any traveller, howsoever faint, and foot-sore, and thirsty, on a Welsh Sabbath, forasmuch as, look you, I would beseech you, and intreat you, command you, and, moreover, compel you to make it a dry Sunday. [The remarks of this wise Magistrate may perhaps occasion British tourists to think twice and three times before devoting their holidays to an excursion in "gallant little Wales."]



Taking a Draught.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE INTENSELY PATRIOTIC ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH!

Just as he is pointing out to Monsieur Anatole Duclos, the Parisian Journalist, how infinitely the English type of female beauty (especially amongst our Aristocracy) transcends that of France, or any other Nation,—who should come up from the beach but Lady Lucretia Longstaff, and her five unmarried daughters!

“—AND AS FOR THOSE IDIOTIC OLD FRENCH CARICATURES OF *LES ANGLAISES*, WITH LONG GAUNT FACES, AND LONG PROTRUDING TEETH, AND LONG FLAT FEET—WHY, GOOD HEAVENS! MY DEAR DUCLOS, THE TYPE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST!”

THE CUT DIRECT; OR, OTHER FISH TO FRY.

Oh yes, I'm aware I seemed sweet on you once,
But 'twas only a *penchant*, a passing caprice.
Lose the world "All for Love"? Nay, I'm not such a dunce,
And—at least for a time—my attentions must cease.
You're "quite English, you know," my dear. Need I explain
Why that sort of thing won't do at present? Ask BLAINE!

True, I *did* introduce you a few months ago
To COLUMBIA.* Politeness, my dear, half pretence!
I found—didn't you?—it was really no go.
And although at that time I could "sit on the fence,"
That rail it's no longer quite safe so to ride;
I must seem to get down, dear,—and not on *your* side.

Tut! tut! Broken vows, and all that sort of thing?
That's a most extreme view, now, to take of the case.
I just took you under my fatherly wing,
Made you known, and, I think, with a good deal of grace.
But bound to you? Nay, my dear child, that's absurd.
If you talk about bonds, I am off like a bird!

Miss PROTECTION may not be so pretty, or young,
I do not pretend on her person to dote;
But she claims, well, I won't say my heart, but my tongue,
And I want to win, not her love, but her vote.
Needs must when—Democracy drives, don't you know,
And one can't quite afford to be careless of *dot*.

Come, come! don't be angry! A fellow, I'm sure,
May philander a little with no bad intent.
You know what's at stake, what I want to secure;
Our friendship was real, as far as it went;
That friendship one day we perhaps may renew,
But do stand aside for the present, now do!

* See Cartoon, "Quite English, you know," December 17, 1887.

Your little friend CANADA? Well, I dare say
She's a tiny bit tiffed; thinks we've treated her ill.
All that will come right, I've no doubt, dear, some day;
But indeed at this moment I don't want a spill,
And if I smile on her just now I'll go down.
So, for politic reasons I put on a frown.

Hush! The other one's eye is upon us. Eh, what?
Claim acquaintance? Intrusive, I really must say!
Give my arm, at this moment too? Certainly not!
Don't know you, don't know you!—at least, not to-day.
Be off, and don't worry me! (*Aside.*) There now, *don't* cry;
Can't you see that I've quite other fish now to fry?

"CAVE CANEM!"

It is stated that two dogs belonging to a Deputy named LAGUERRE, "the henchman of General BOULANGER," have been taught to howl whenever M. FERRY's name is mentioned. It is really a pity thus to waste time, and demoralise such decent animals as dogs. M. LAGUERRE would find it simpler to retain certain of the two-legged curs of Creed and puppies of Party, who may be safely trusted, and that without being taught, to yelp hideously whenever a particular Statesman's name is uttered in their hearing. Could any honest dog "drop into poetry," he would, doubtless, deliver Dr. WATTS's familiar lyric in some such inverted fashion as follows:—
"Let scribes delight to snap and bite,
For 'tis their nature to;
Let petty scribblers spit their spite,
For Party makes them so.
"But, doggies, you should never let
Your purchased yelpings rise;
Your honest mouths were never meant
To howl out Party cries!"

"A RARE OLD PLANT."—There is much talk in Vienna of a so-called "Weather Plant," which is said to possess the property of prognosticating all atmospheric changes three days in advance. Well, the *Abrus peregrinus*, or "Paternoster Pea," may possess all the powers claimed for it. But, Mr. Punch's opinion is, that the real "Weather-plant" this year at least—is the *Weather itself*!



THE CUT DIRECT.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND. "DON'T KNOW YA! (*Aside.*) AT ANY RATE, FOR THE PRESENT!!"





PORTRAIT OF THE GENTLEMAN WHO DRAWS UP THE
METEOROLOGICAL REPORTS.

"ANOTHER DEPRESSION IS COMING!"

[Just as he was about to take his Holiday too!]

ACROSS THE WATER.

(With the Lord Mayor.)

WELL, it is all over now, but it has been a wonderful success. Dendermond, comparatively insignificant Flemish town though it is, has certainly known how to emphasise the glorious fact that it has given from its sons a Lord Mayor to the City of London. Such a Procession! There were "medieval" trumpeters and drummers, young persons with banners, in classical costume; "Commerce" represented by a steamboat full of ladies accompanied by sailors of all countries, and followed up by effigies of "Painting," "Industry," "Music," and "Science," together with a group showing ROBERT VII. VAN BETHUNE, Lord of Dendermond, presenting to the town a charter, dated 1333. This last personage was, I think, owing to the fact that he was attired in chain armour, frequently taken by the crowd for the LORD MAYOR himself, and vociferously cheered in consequence.

I found the townspeople, however, rather vague as to their estimate of our Chief Magistrate's position and privileges, and had to be continually explaining to them in indifferent Flemish that when at home he neither shared the Wool-sack with the LORD CHANCELLOR in the House of Lords, commanded the Life Guards in person, or sat down every night of his life to a grand banquet at the Crystal Palace with a thousand picked members of the British Nobility. Nothing though that I could say appeared to detract from the exalted estimate they had formed of his general dignity, and when the effigy of London came upon the scene, surrounded by allegorical figures of "Foresight," "Constancy," "Vigilance," "Civic Virtues," "Dancing," "Deportment," "Athletics," and "Stenography," the enthusiasm of the spectators knew no bounds, and they fairly shouted themselves hoarse. Then came music and fireworks, and later, several groups who had been dining, congregated round me, and insisting that I must be the LORD MAYOR, began to cheer me disagreeably. I, however, remonstrated in dumb show, and pointing to a window in the Town Hall where the Burgomaster could be seen at that very moment for the tenth time in the act of embracing the portly and smiling form of Mr. POLYDOR DE KEYSER himself, succeeded in diverting their attention.

The next day the LORD MAYOR started on his return journey, smothered in trophies. He made a short halt at Ghent and Bruxelles, his stay at the latter place being chiefly remarkable for a thoroughly racy comic after-dinner speech, made on the occasion by Mr. Sheriff DAVIES. That the whole party after a capital outing has arrived quite safe and sound in town again is here recorded with much satisfaction by your careful and observant correspondent.

A CITY REMEMBRANCE.

A WORD IN SEASON.

"It is the pride of the Hohenzollerns to reign at once over the noblest, the most intellectual, and most cultured of nations."
—THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

WHY, who speaks here? A Kaiser and Commander,
Or some mob-flattering, demagogic pander?
Droll doubling of two parts, the pompous ruler,
And gloating hyperbolic people-fooler!
How martial souls—like WOLSELEY—who deride
All sentiment upon the popular side
As "sickly," "pharisaic,"—Heaven knows what—
Philanthropy, with other kinds of "rot"
With the fine swagger of the soldier classing,—
Must shudder at the Hohenzollern's "gassing"!
Noblesse oblige, my WILLIAM! Mighty souls,
Like yours and WOLSELEY's, aim at other goals
Than CLEON and the Sausage-seller, surely,
Flatter the crowd? Is the crown so securely
Poised on the head of despot power to-day
That Kaisers can with fulsome phrases play,
Without the risk of bringing on Autocracy
The "torrent of anarchical democracy"
Which scares our pocket-Cesar in a fashion
That moves him to quite incoherent passion?
Take thought, my Teuton Chief, and, above all,
Take counsel with our "Only General."
He is not, like your MOLTKE, taciturn;
He deals in thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
As prettily as any poet-person
Who martial hero ever turned a verse on;
(The poet's highest function which redeems
Bard songs from being merely baby-dreams.)
He reckons up historic heroes lightly—
I hope, Lord HERR, you've read the last *Fortnightly*—
Appraises MARLBOROUGH, and NAPOLEON,
And picks some little holes in WELLINGTON.
You'll hardly, Kaiser-King, obtain an article
Of this particular sort, without a particle
Of shrinking modesty, from the old chief
Whose age in touching terms asks late relief
From the long strain of splendid service. No,
Your Silent Hero is not fashioned so.
His brief pathetic letter, the appeal
Of time-worn strength to drop the martial steel,
That script historic and your kind reply
Beseech you both, Lord HERR, right royally.
But even MOLTKE's silent tongue might wag,
Mildly against the too thrasonic brag,
Of such an untried CAESAR, whose huge hosts
Need little to be swelled by boyish boasts.

A SHAVING CLAUSE.—Those intelligent and amusing personages, the Commissioners in Lunacy, in their forty-second Report to the LORD CHANCELLOR (*à propos* of a possibly preventible suicide at Bethlehem Hospital) "while acknowledging the difficulty of entirely doing away with razors in asylums," advised that they should be kept under a double lock. They added to this extremely sensible proposal the interesting information that, "as a still safer plan," they "had recommended the daily services of a barber accustomed to lunatics." It would be interesting, however, to learn how such a person could obtain his necessary qualification. The first attempt to shave a raving madman is rather suggestive of the last chapter but one of a "shilling shocker"; and although people who eschew beards possibly may not be considered entirely in their right minds, their eccentricity, at the most, partakes rather of the characteristics of harmless idiocy than of the more violent forms of acute mania.

Literal.

PAT may be a lazy and law-breaking sinner,
With cudgels and Plans of Campaign be too free;
But at least he'd have rather more chance of a dinner,
Were it not for the curse of the absentee (*absent tea*).

LITERARY DIET.—"Much reading, like much eating," said SIR THEODORE MARTIN, in the Llangollen Town Hall, quoting an old writer, "is wholly useless without digestion." True enough, and food for the mind is indigestible if too tough. Indulgence in modern French literature of the baser sort is very apt to create indigestion attended with nausea.



GOOD ADVICE—TAKEN IN A PROPER SPIRIT.

Fond but Impecunious Uncle (to Middy). "AND REMEMBER, JACK, BE ECONOMICAL. DON'T RUN INTO DEBT—AND, WHATEVER YOU DO, NEVER GO TO THE JEWS!" Jack. "No, UNCLE—I'LL ALWAYS COME TO YOU!"

ROBERT'S EXCURSION.

I HAD what I calls a reel treat the other day, and as I don't have it, as sum seems to do, about wunce a week, but jest about as seldom as possible, I did jest enjoy it. I was ordered down to Rumford, of all places in this mortal world, to wait on a party of City swells at the principle Otel there, called, I think, the Golden Carl, or sum sitch name, and as I was there in good time afore they started on their desperate hard work of surveying all the principle mountains of Hesse, and as there wasn't not noboddy hinside the bootiful drag and its four hosses, the nice good-looking Chairman aeshally asked me to jump in! Witch I need ardy say as I did, like a bird. Well, off we set, and may I never be beleaved, if the Landlord of the Otel, where the gents was a going for to dine after their ard day's work, didn't git on the box and drive all the fore hosses, and werry well he did it too, and didn't upset us not wunce.

And to make the whole set-out quite compleat, we took a trumpitter with us with about the werry longest trumpit as I ever seed or ewen heerd on, and wenever we cum near an house or an hoss, he blowed away to that xtent that I werrily thort as he must ha' bust hisself, but he didn't. We had a most luvly ride on a most luvly day, our fore bootiful hosses a running up the Essex mountains and down into the Essex walleys as if they thort nothink of 'em. We druv threw some Nobbleham's Park. The young trumpitter, who was, I think, a bit of a wag, tried to perswade me as the Nobbleham's name was PETER, but I wasn't quite so green as to bleeve that.

It wasn't a werry cumfural looking house as was in the Park, for the roof was all off, and all the winders was broke, which guv it rayther a chilly look, but the Moosyleum, as we seed a little further on, quite made up for it, for anythink more nicer, or warmer, or cumfural looking I never seed.

I think, praps, if they'd both ha' bin mine, I should ha' gone in for sumthink of a change in the wiccy wersey style; but of course there's no accounting for taste, speshally among the werry hiest holder of the Harrystockracy. There was a good many solgers and people about various parts of our ride, and wenever we druv through 'em, I jest raised my at and made my werry best bow—witch I'm told is werry much like a serten Royal Prince's—at which they was hevidently

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE OLD TELEPHONE.

(By Milton Featherly Ionsone.)

It stands as of yore in the dear dark corner,
But the dust has gather'd, the voice has flown;
There, like a little forlorn Jack Horner,
It lingers, unlook'd-for, the old Telephone.
The blinds in the office hang yellow and slanting,
The sun strikes mottled athwart the pane,
And ever a low lone voice is chanting,
From days evanish'd, an old refrain:
Ring, ring-a-ring! Are you there? Who are you?
What do you want? Ring-a-ring! Are you there?
Answer, O love! While I rest for a bar, you
Murmur your numbers, my fair, my fair!

Ring, ring-a-ring! Like the joy-bells chiming;
Whirr! Like a coffee-mill talking alone;
Silence! Like poets who sleep at their rhyming;
An answer softer than cushat's moan.
Yes, for a voice on the desert of business
Fell like the dew, though the face was unknown.
And ever my brain with delicious dizziness
Reels when I think of the old Telephone.

Ah, but the world whirls wearily round me,
And I with the weary world am whirl'd;
Should it suddenly stop, it could scarce confound me,
If, some bright morning, the angels found me
Recklessly round the lamp-posts curl'd.
But, in garden old, or in window'd minster,
From chordless organ, or frozen bird,
From bachelor bold or blushing spinster,
Such soul-sweet music was never heard.
In love's bright play-bill I largely star you;
I hear you ever, my unseen fair;
Ring, ring-a-ring! Are you there? Who are you?
And Echo sobs—There is no one there!

CUR-RIOS.—A Billiard-player's prosperity seems very paradoxical. The more "hazard" there is about it, the more certain it is, and it is largely made by breaks.

much pleased, for they all larfed quite haffably. I wunder who they took me for, in my solitury grander, drest, as of coarse I was, in full heavening costoom.

Well, wen we got back, the Chairman, thinking praps as he had better go on as he had begun in the staggering line, aeshally asked the driving Landlord to dine with 'em, and, follering my nobel xample, he didn't want not no pressing, but down he sat. And if he didn't earn his capital dinner by the way in which he emused all the City swells, noboddy never did. Of coarse I was too much occypied by my purfeshnal dooties to hear werry much, but wot little I did hear ony made me long for more. Just one or 2 anneck-dotes as xampels.

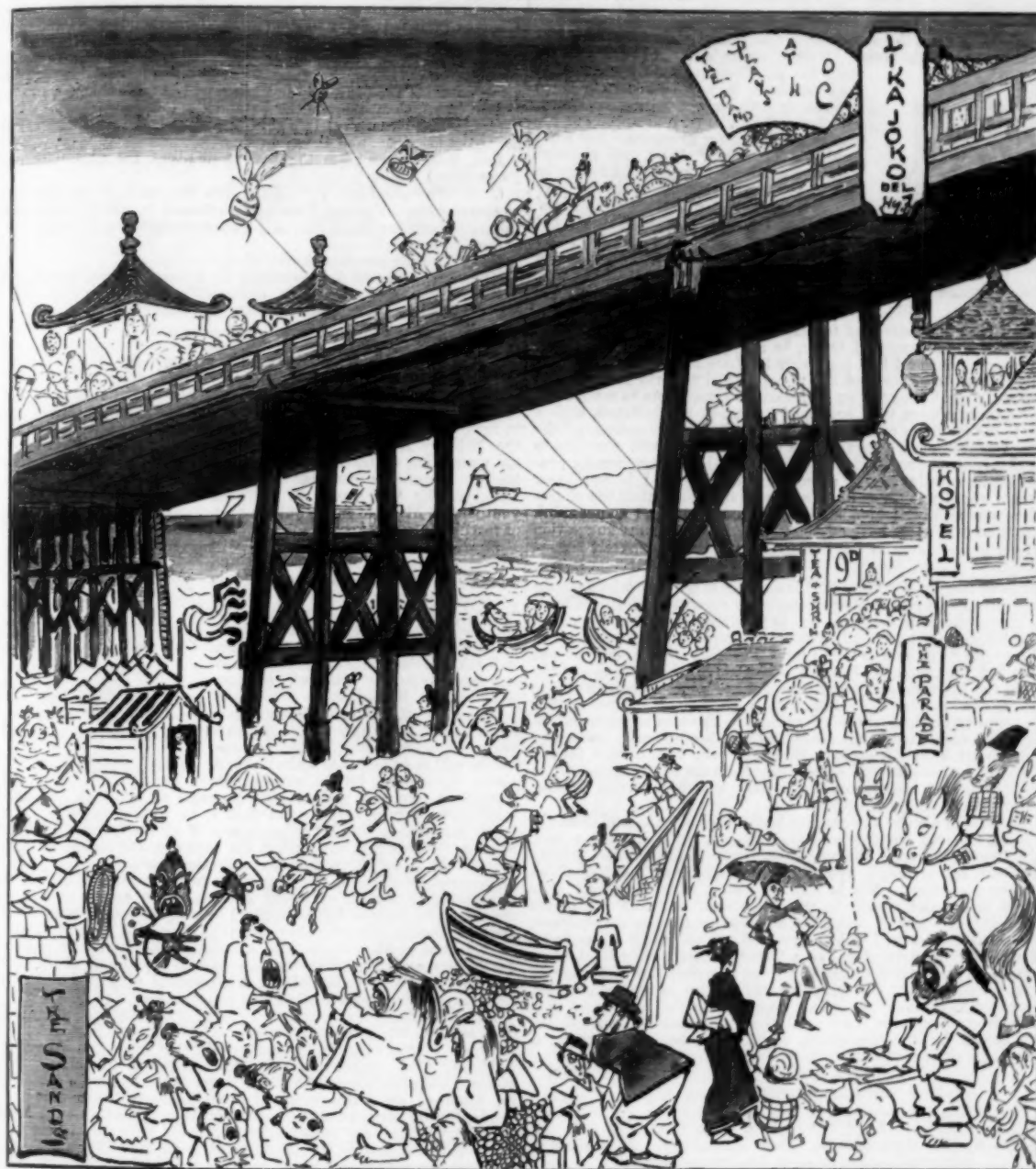
He told 'em as he wunse druv a party of 12 on a fore horse Drag all the ways to Liverpool, a matter of 220 mile, jest to see a Race run, and he charged 'em two hundred and fifty pound for the job!

And having gammond 'em as he lost money by the transackshun, they all subsakribed together, like reel Gents as they was, and had a picter painted of the hole concern, Drag, and Hosses, and Gents, and Driver, and all, and guv it to him at a grand dinner at his hone house, and, as he werry properly said, if any Gent here dows my word, there's the werry picter! And there to be sure it were, a hanging in the werry room as the City swells was a dining in! I couldn't say much about the rest of the party, as I'd never seen 'em, but the likeness of the Driver was werry striking. Of coarse jest a leetle bit felattering, but they allers is, or in coarse we shooldn't buy 'em.

Well, that wasn't a bad story jest to begin with, but I think he even beat that afterwards, wen he told em that all the hammytoor Coaching swells once guv a grand dinner to all the Purfeshnals, at the Bell Savage on Ludget Hill. His Father, who was a Purfeshnal, wasn't well enuff to go, so he said to his son, says he, "You shall go insted of me, PETER,"—which was his name,—"but, wotever you do, don't get drunk!" Werry wise and frendly adwise, but, unfortunately, offener given than follerd.

The night came, and they all set down, I think as he said about 60 in number, and a rare dinner they must have had, for the Bill came to fore ginnys a head! Ah, they was sumthink like times, them was. And what a gloryus Chairman they must have had! He ort to ha' bin a Sheriff at the werry least. For about 3 o'Clock in the

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 14.



LIKA JOKO AT THE SEASIDE.

morning he called for the Bill, and when it was giv to him, he jest looked at it, and then he said, "Gennelmen," says he, "I beg to congratulate you on your nobel work, for the fust amount as catches my eye is, Champain, £47! Let us give three cheers for that splendid hitem!" And so they did, and then one cheer more. And they didn't brake up ewen then, and PETER, to prove to his trusting Parient as he kep his word, druv the Coach, that started at 6 o'Clock, hay-hem, the fust stage, to Rumford, without no accidence.

Ah, Mr. PETER, Mr. PETER! if you have a few more such scrumpshus stories of the grand old days of yore in that fine-looking hed of yours, your proper place is not on the box seat of an ansium Drag,

but within the sacred walls of the grand old Copperashun, or of an ancient Livery Company, where they woud be as thorowly apresetated and as thorowly injoyed, as they was by your umbel admirer

ROBERT.

Virginia Stock's View of It.

Is Marriage a Failure? Why, yes, to be sure. But, oh! abolition won't furnish a cure. Whilst thousands of spinsters in solitude tarry. It's clearly a failure—because men won't marry.

"CLASS" LEGISLATION.

(Further Correspondence.)

SIR,—Look here, the sooner first and second-class travellers disappear altogether the better. Nobody wants 'em. Take my word for it, if the big Companies only know what they are about, they will take pretty sharp to running nothing but third-class trains. The fares should be tidy cheap, say at the rate of a farthing for five miles. But what would be the upshot? Why, such a blessed influx of traffic that they would hardly be able to meet it. Talk of dividends, why the prospect ought to make the shareholders' mouths water, for the big bulk that never travel at all would be on the move like one o'clock, and every loafer from Seven Dials, and the whole of the Un-



King's Cross.

employed would be all cutting up North—or anywhere else on the spree with, Yours hopefully, A WHITECHAPEL ROVER.

SIR,—That the first-class traveller is very hardly treated by the Companies there cannot, I think, be any question. Take my case. On a recent journey I had positively to share a whole compartment with a fellow passenger, and this though I had paid my fare and had certainly a right to expect an entire one to myself. As to second and third-class carriages, they ought, of course, to be abolished, with a view to the provision of fitting accommodation for the patrons of the first. One first-class passenger to a compartment would give five to a carriage; some two hundred, therefore, could be conveniently provided for in a train, say, of about forty carriages. I do not know how this would work, nor do I care how it would affect the shareholders' question of dividends, for with these matters I do not think the patrons of the line have any concern. But I offer my suggestion with much confidence, and meantime beg to subscribe myself

Yours, &c.,

NOTHING IF NOT EXCLUSIVE.

SIR,—If there is one thing that is clear, it is that the whole system of our railway travelling needs completely revolutionising. Why, I ask, should the passenger who has to pass eight hours on a journey, say to Edinburgh, be cut off from the comforts and conveniences of ordinary life? It is true that in the Pullman sleeping-car he can have a bed, and make his *toilette*; but what, Sir, I ask, is this at the close of the Nineteenth Century? What are the Companies about in thinking that in providing him with a paltry bed and basin, they have properly discharged their functions? The idea is preposterous. Suppose he wishes to consult a doctor or even a solicitor *en route*, why should he not be able to do so? He might even wish to take lessons in dancing, or have a tooth extracted. No train ought, therefore, to start that is not accompanied by a duly qualified doctor, dentist, attorney, and dancing-master.

There should also be a swimming-bath attached to it. And it should contain a full and complete reference-library, while drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, private sitting-rooms, stores, saloons for private theatricals, and an ample gymnasium, should be at the disposition of all the passengers. Nor is this all. Some may like music. For these a brass band should be provided; and, as many passengers may desire some sort of recreation *en route*, no thoroughly equipped train should be started unless provided with a *troupe* of acrobats, and all the attractive features of a Variety Entertainment. A train made up on such principles could not fail to secure the patronage of the travelling public; and Directors will be wise in their generation who cheerfully incur the outlay necessary to the instalment of a service framed on these lines. All the Public ask is, "enough for their money." That the above, then, would be, on the whole, a move in the right direction, is the opinion of

Yours, categorically,

TAKING IT EASY.

PLAY-TIME IN LONDON.

SCENE—A public thoroughfare. Enter a Londoner. He is about to retire sadly when he meets his Country Cousin.

Londoner. Dear me, who would have thought of meeting you here? Country Cousin. Why not? The rain has spoilt the harvest.

Lon. Well, I suppose I must take you to see the sights. Come to the theatre this evening? Go to TOOLE's—eh?

C. C. Went there last night. Couldn't stand it a second time.

Lon. Impossible! Mr. TOOLE in *The Don* is excellent.

C. C. Mr. TOOLE in *The Don*? Why, he is "touring." They have got *Pepita*, a comic opera, at TOOLE's. Haven't you seen it?

Lon. Not I. Never heard of it.

C. C. Why, it's been played hundreds of times in the Provinces, so we sent it up to Town. But I won't go and see it again.

Lon. Well, what do you say to the Haymarket—*Captain Swift*?

C. C. I saw it when it was produced at a *matinée*. Mr. TREE very clever, as he always is in character parts, but I don't care to go again.

Lon. Well, I will take you to the Avenue to see *Gladys* and *Don Juan, Junior*.

C. C. Thanks, much; but I have seen both and can't stand either. *Gladys* begins too soon, and *Don Juan, Junior* ends too late. And strange as it must appear to you, I seldom laugh at Mr. RIGHTON.

Lon. Strange, indeed! What say you to the *Adelphi Union Jack*? C. C. Seen it twice, and can't stand it a third time. It really is very feeble for a melodrama, and I am tired of trick changes.

Lon. Well, then, there is the Vaudeville.

C. C. No, there isn't. It's closed; and so is the St. James's, and the *Opéra Comique*, and *Drury Lane*.

Lon. Really, you seem to know more about the amusements of Town than I do.

C. C. Why shouldn't I? To tell you the truth, I am obliged to go everywhere. You see, I am so accustomed to country quiet that I cannot stand London noise; so I go every night to a Theatre.

Lon. What for?

C. C. To get a couple of hours' sleep!

[The conversation is interrupted by a thunderstorm, mixed with snow, and the other ingredients incident to this year's summer. Hail, thunderbolts, fog, and Curtain.]

RATION-AL DIET.

IN the interests of economy (which, however, will always be combined with a certain regard to efficiency), the Regimental Regimen in future to be allowed to private soldiers will be as follows, which the Military Authorities, who arrange for victualling contracts, and the Contractors themselves, consider more than sufficient for the wants of growing youths, and likely to bring quite a rush of recruits into the Army:—

First Meal in the Day.—This will consist of two thin slices of bread and margarine—the latter not to be laid on too thick—with half a mug of shilling tea and a thimbleful of skimmed milk. (N.B.—Two spoonfuls of this fine matured tea to every six men.) This meal will take place at 8.30, and for lack of any more expressive title, will continue to be called "Breakfast."

Second Meal.—Dinner, which is to be served at 1.30. Every soldier to have one whole ounce of meat, including bone; but he will be expected to make no bones about it, should he be unfortunate

enough to receive a portion with no meat at all in it. The good soldier always tries to remember that if he were engaged in a campaign in a perfectly desert country, and if all the Commissariat and baggage animals had been killed for food a month before, he might conceivably be called upon to bear privations almost as great; and it is the constant object of the War Office to aid the soldier in realising this particular feature of actual warfare. Two ounces of potatoes are also to be allowed, but these must be weighed before being pared, and—if possible—directly they are taken from the ground, when a good deal of earth is likely to be attached to them. Bread, made of finest alum and bone-dust "middlings," to the extent of an ounce per man, to be also allowed. A tea-spoonful of grated cheese on Thursdays. Suet-puddings on alternate Sundays.

Third Meal.—Takes place at 4.30, when, having recently dined, men are not likely to be hungry, and so to waste the national resources. Pint of tepid tea, with three slices of bread and margarine.

Fourth Meal.—Supper. Should the Contractor announce that he does not feel able to supply a fourth meal at the figure for which he has tendered, the Authorities will desire to leave the matter in his hands, feeling certain that he has the highest interests of the Army at heart. If they are called upon to choose between starving the Exchequer and feeding the soldier, or starving the soldier and feeding the Exchequer, they feel bound to select the patriotic alternative.

The above highly liberal and generous scale has been decided upon after consultation with some of the leading Medical officers at Reformatories and Workhouses. It is confidently hoped that it will lead to a great increase in the flesh, bone, and sinew of our recruits; if, however, it should be found that too much adipose tissue results, the meals can easily be reduced in quantity, or quality, or both.

Soldiers of a peculiarly ravenous disposition, who really feel that they could eat something more between 4.30 in the afternoon and the following morning, will be allowed—after medical examination—to still the pangs of appetite, by obtaining at the canteen, before going to bed, two or three drops of a powerful and inexpensive sleeping draught, which will carry them safely through to next morning's breakfast. Or, if they choose, they can "recruit" outside in the nearest dram-shop.



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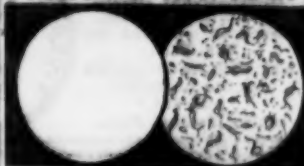
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